

kees and the Southerners. Here, on its, 1888, John Brown, with thirty men, up in the neighborhood, poorly and equipped, stood face to face the L. Clay Pate and sixty-two well-filled man, armed with the latest impoved Springfield rifles, and intrenched a ravine.

with H. Clay Pate and slxty-two wellirilled men, armed with the latest improved Springfield riflee, and intrenched
in a ravine.

In ISM Missourians, then known as borter ruffians, poured into Kansas in armed
bands, heid an election, in which resilents of the territory had no part, adopted
constitution, under which they proceeded
constitution, under the pretext of enforces,
and pass laws making it a capiall offense even to speak against slavery.
They were supported by Pierce's administration, and under the pretext of enforce
the laws, organized bands of raiders
and carried on a system of piliage and
constitutional convention, heid
an election, passed laws, and proceeded
conforce them. About this time John
bean to be known in Kansas as
a sing of wonderful force and courage,
thereby fear of him spread among
their ruffians. H. Clay Pate was
thing a pre-slavery paper in Kansas
ty, as thirsting for glory in the field
the her slaed a crack company of
the hardy fear of by the enthusiasm of
the laws, as promulgated by the border ruffian legisslauer. They were armed with the finest
waspons of the day, stolen from a United
that areenal. Proud of the fact that
he slave are military bearing, fine raimean and hot Southern blood. Pate gave

their military bearing, fine rai-hot Southern blood, Pate gave a feelings, and boasted that he enforce the territorial laws, capture own, or wade in abolition blood up waist. Accompanied by an imposphy train, they started for Southansas, while many a fair heart in a City went pit-a-pat. They were ow in getting to work, but proceed-size to capture a number of memslow in setting to work, but proceedti ence to capture a number of memof the free soil legislature, as also
and Jason, sons of John Brown, both
from were kicked and otherwise outously abused after capture. When they
sed the vicinity of Palmyra, a little
ge of twelve or fifteen small houses, a
sunger was sent from there to John
wa, at his home, to come and defend
a. Brown started at once, Saturday
ling, April 50, with about a dozen men,
ag whom was his son Salmon, now a
sent of Salem. Ore, from whom this
y was obtained, and who had already
considerable sleep, so that he was not and

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Bre



BALMON BROWN.

soul condition for an all-night march, the role a skittish, ugly little mule, on which was piled all the brankets. Young brown was unable to keep awake, so wery time the mule gave a sudden start, he roled off. dition for an all-night march.

Surprise for the Soldiers.

south of Toy Jones' place was a

barprise for the Soldiera.

Jest south of Toy Jones' place was a law, half a mile long, through which it is necessary to pass. With a view of containing the party to pass. With a view of containing Brown and his party, 209 soldier, had camped in this lame. Suddenly plans horseman, talking to a soldier, who said to him. 'Hold on, there, or you will see that.' For a moment Fred continued to talk, then made a sudden dash through the camp fire, followed by his party in single file. The movement was so stating file. The movement was passed. Salmon rown looked back, and saw the road worded with suddenly awakened soldiers, were yet unable to realize what had bened. Fatigue was such, however, that soon fell asleep again and fell from his time of such peril he was unable to main awake. About 2 o'clock in the time of such peril he was unable to main awake. About 2 o'clock in the serving they reached a point, probably had a mile from Palmyra, and camped. Santine during the night, several of the serving they reached a point, probably had a mile from Palmyra, and camped. Santine during the night, several of the morning he found the people shouting and praying to discount a campmeeting. This dis-visted his son Saimon, who reasonbered that he and his party had these people, only to find them a not of cowards, who should stop praying and start for the village. Instantly the last these people, only to find them a not of cowards, who should stop praying and start for the village. Instantly the last the houses, and young that had gone to shouting at an

TERVIEW WITH A SOV OF OSAWATOMIE BROWN.

TABLE Sterver the Pirst Armed Clash School Stever, but Rivers sons, Salmon and several to the pirst and sot several the several three several to the pirst armed clash school Steveral to Lankees and the Pight Cost.

Fight Cost.

### An Order to Surrender.

"Father said to Brockett, "Tell your men to lay down their arms." Father looked savage enough and so did Brockett, who to lay down their arms.' Father looked savage enough and so did Brockett, who replied. If our captain says so I'll do it, but not by your d—n orders: and I don't believe he is d—d coward enough to do it.' With that he ordered his men to take aim at us. Just at this point my bother Oliver, a tall, stout lad of I', shouted, Boys, there's a rifle I'm going to have, referring to the magnificent one held by Brockett. I touched him with my elbow and said, in an undertone, 'You had better wait until you get it.' The instant Brockett gave the order to take aim on us Pate said to his men, 'Well, boys, lay down your guns a minute until we talk it over.' Brockett swore like a pirate when the order was given but his men laid down their arms, keeping their hands on them, however. Bockett held on to his gun and as Oliver took hold of it, showed signs of resistance, until I placed my six-shooter to his head and said slowly and quietly. 'Let go: let go,' which he did very reluctantly. He also resisted in the same manner when his sword was taken. This word is the one exhibited at the world's fair by H. N. Rust, of Pasadena, Cal. It was the work of only an instant until their guns were stacked and we had absolute possession. They seemed to have no idea of our audacity. The moment our possession seemed complete we were startled to see a long line of horsemen coming toward us at full gailop with bridle reins and horses covered with foam. It looked pretty scaly for a time but, as we prepared for a second attack, we were delighted to discover that they were friends. Early in the morning Captain Abbott heard the firing, knew that a fight was under way, and started out to secure help. About noon he returned with 180 men, but the fight was over. We had nothing to eat for twenty-

knew that a fight was under way, and started out to secure help. About noon he returned with 100 men, but the fight was over. We had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours and you may imagine we found use for that supply train.

"In casting up accounts we found we had three men shot, ninteen deserted, one detailed to guard camp, and seven at the surrender, as follows: Captain John Brown, Owen Brown, Oliver Brown, Salmon Brown, Charles Keiser, a Mr. Bondy and a Mr. Hill. Pate had seventeen shot, thirteen deserted and thirty-two captured. "During the fight I noticed a puff of smoke issue from a teut, now and then, and fired into it several times without effect. Afterwards I learned that a ministerial friend of ours had been captured, securely bound and laid at right angles to us, on the inside of the tent. A hole was cut in the tent just above him, while behind him laid one of Pate's men, shooting at us, from this improvised breastworks."

# Received a Pointed Retort.

Received a Pointed Retort.

From the Washington Fost.

"I went to a big revival meeting down in Little Rock one night last week," said a traveling inspector of Indian agencies who filtted into town a few days ago. "The revival had been going on in one of the big halls down there for some time, and the lost sheep were being gathered in by the slews. The minister conducting the meetings was of the perfervidest kind, and at the end of each of his sounding sentences picturing the ways of evil he would command all of those in the crowd who wanted to be saved to stand up. There'd be a sizeable bunch come to a perpendicular posture every time and he'd count them out loud and bestow words of praise upon them for their nerve in standing up. A couple of young fellow who sat next to me got up to go out just as the minister came to one of the counting periods, and as they got up in the aisle he shouted:

"Two more—!"

"When, however, he saw the young chaps proceeding down the aisle toward the door, he added the words:

"Gone to perdition!"

"One of the young fellows, who looked like a mountaineer in Little Rock for a warm time, turned around in his tracks, gazed at the minister sleepily, and said:

"All right, pard; see you later."

Stationmaster's Poem Against Spitting

From the New York Sun.

It was for a station master at a little way station in New Jersey to solve the problem of putting the familiar notice "spitting on the floor" etc., into a more agreeable it less forcible form, and, though less forcible it is equally as effective, if not more so, as the notice that generally greets us. In the station at Newport, N. J., this genius has posted the following:

If on this floor you choose to spit, Just pause, my friend, and think a bit.

Last night, when all was cold and still, I carried water up the hill.

Washed this floor by the silver moon, That you might use our new spittoon. From the New York Sun.

# Resolution.

From the Washington Star.

"He didn't get the better of me!" triumphantly remarked the man whose coat sleeves are always too short.

"You mean the book agent who just left?"

left?"
"Yes. I stood firm, didn't I?"
"Absolutely."
"I tell you, it was hard work, for he is a mighty persuasive man. And besides. I wanted those books the worst kind, and I'm going to get them next week. I'll have to pay several dollars more than he asked. But I was bound he shouldn't get the best of me."

# His Explanation.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"My wife," said the tall lantern jawed man, "is as womanly a woman as you could find, but she can hammer nails like lightning." "Wonderful!" sang the chorus. "Lightning." the tall, lantern jawed man continued, "seldom strikes twice in the same place."

No Outward Sign.

From the Boston Journal.
"I am told that Squalinger has become a Christian."
"I don't believe it. I saw him throw a banana skin on the sidewalk the other



The tireless investigator has taken a new tack. Not content with having found out what per cent of the population minds its own business, and other pertinent subjects. he has begun to unearth the shady sides of our own past histories and to conjecture thereupon. Statistics on children's lieand their reasons for telling them are his hobby just at present. Mothers and school teachers are the most prolific sources of information on the subject. In New York a systematic campaign is being conducted in the public schools by students of the child mind.

The study is one of universal interest for few indeed are those people whose fund of anecdotes can not yield up some amusing personal reminis-

cence. Nearly every one has passed through a Baron Munchausen stage. At this remote day. when fear of punish when fear of punish-ment, the most com-mon of the reasons for children's lies, is out of the question, the "fairy stories" are willingly pried up and laughed over goodna-turedly.

turedly.
Teachers who have had wide experience in primary grades say that the period of riotous imagination in the child mind is from the age of 6 to otous imagination in the child mind is from the age of 6 to 9 or 10. About the time the children enter the third grade they have given their festive fancies not only free play, but plenty of practice, and are in the full glory of the whoppertelling age. Before that they are usually just beginning to try themselves on each

that they are usually just beginning to try themselves on each other, and have not, as yet, overcome the awe of the teacher which prevents them from airing their fabrications for her benefit. Three principal reasons for lying are given by those whose experience with children would seem to make their dictum authentic. The first of these is fear of punishment. It is probably the most common. From it come half the sorrows of childhood. The second is to gain prestige by pretending to have what is not possessed; and the third cause is a lively imagination—nothing more. Not all children have the faculty for conjuring up illusions, and so it is the least common of the three

Pure imagination is not the least important of the causes, however, for it corresponds to a stage in the history of civilization, and therefore might be regarded as a natural development. In the early history of all peoples we find records of belief in supernatural people and events. German and Norse mythology faded into the misty past as civilization with its practicability and disillusionment advanced. Children are fairly brought up on fairy stories, tales of glants, gnomes and specters. Stories such as "Jack and the Bean Stalk." "Blue Beard." "The Sleeping Beauty," "The Three Bears." "Little Red Riding Hood" and "Cinderella" could not easily be offered as a steady diet to a child and he remain totally unaffected. Naturally enough, the world becomes to him a place where most miraculous things can occur. In his imagination it is peopled with queer animals and welrd people. Strange events are always about to take place, and the fact that they do not occur in reality ple. Strange events are always about to take place, and the fact that they do not occur in reality makes it only the more necessary that the excited little mind carry out the fancied

The relatives of a 3-year-old boy were amazed last summer at the propensity he developed for romancing. He was taken to Colorado to spend the summer, and was overheard telling a new little playmate all the details of a railroad wreck in which he figured as the hero, jumping back and forth across the tops of the care and lifting them back on the tracks. The fact that the child is deprived of the normal use of his limbs therough the control of the country of the delights of stretching his juvenile fancies, this same youngster continued to try himself. When asked why he

When asked why he had such an enorhad such an mous appetite, he would coolly answer: "Why, I've been stacking hay all

his head would hitch himself to the post. There he would stand and stamp and snort and roll in the dust all day. When members of his family would call him to his meals he would say, indignantly: "I'm a horse, I can't eat in the house." Urging did no good. He would stay there without food until some would be bro ght to him. Then he would insist on eating 't out of a trough without using his hands 6° a knife or fork. In the winter when he played in the house he would turn, in fancy, into a bear. The curved back of the lounge made a convenient den, and from it he sailled forth, believing so fully in his new identity that he almost chewed up his smaller brother when the latter happened to become prey of his bearship. At other tiques he fancied he was a man and would tell how he drove twelve miles in a very few minutes, sold forty acres of land for \$20,000, and killed a bear on his return by chopping its legs off. Amputating the propeliers of the beasts he met was the particular "long suit" of this small boy's sportive fancy. He never killed his imaginary foes in any other way.

the never killed his imaginary foes in any other way.

Lying for the sake of keeping up with some other youthful prevarientor is one of the exercises of childhood. Not all children would go quite so far, perhaps as "Sentimental Tommie" did in the opening chapter of the book of that name. "Shovel," his playmates, and Tommie had been indulging in a gentle round of boasting. In sheer desperation at Tommie's superior skill at keeping ahead, Shovel said: "Well, my father were once at a hanging." Tommie sustained his reputation nobly by retorting "Twere my father as was hanged!" But even if they stop somewhat short of this they can succeed in achieving some fairly artistic lying. Two little girls who played together constantly some years ago were wont to regale each other with descriptions of beautiful wax dolls and splendid silk dresses they had. The excellent excuse given for not appearing with these choice articles was that they were entirely too fine for anything except the seclusion of the highest shelf in the darkest closet in the house.

A little schoolgirl here in Kansas City had been in the habit of reporting interesting occurrences in her schoolroom each evening when she returned home. Finding that she had became the center of an attractions on that account she could not resist the impulse for improvising events when none happened. This was very successful until she told that her teacher had whipped twelve children that day. Her mother met the teacher the next day and remarked upon the fact that she must have had a busy time the day before. On inquiry, the truth became known and the little girl's mad career as a romancer was summarily checked.

The same teacher admired a 6-year-old girl's new dress one day and asked who made it. "I did," was the answer. The teacher remonstrated with her but she stuck to her lie. "I've made six dresses, she insisted. Finally she hung her nead with shame but never confessed. Girls, so the statistician says, stick to their lies better than boys do. A boy was asked not long ago Lying for the sake of keeping up with

the class of lies which have the commonest motive.

Another case of similar kind was that of a boy whose mother discovered him with a knife which she knew did not belong to him. She questioned him about it and elicited this tale: "Why up the street in the grass by the side of the sidewalk I happened to zee something shining. I dug around to find out what it was, and it was this knife." Another small boy was with him and claimed the knife, saying that it had been taken away from him by its present possessor just a few minutes before. The mother knew the boy's failing from experience and finally succeeded in persuading him to acknowledge his guilt.

only one mother interviewed was able to positively state that her children had never told her a falsehood in their lives. The teachers all agreed that children taken singly and collectively are averse to speaking the truth, apparently on general principles. All agree, however, that after the linaginative period is over the most daring romancers subside into absolutely truthful, practical, dependable young people. They must be treated with consideration and shown the difference between exercising the imagination and telling malicious falsehoods. ADELIA ALICE HUMPHREY.

## POPE'S GIFT TO THE QUEEN Magnificent Statue of Christ That Is the Work of Two Famous Artists.

From the New York Journal.

The growing cordiality between the vatican and the court of St. James is exem-plified by the gift the pope has sent to Queen Victoria. The gift is a handsome



stacking hay all morning, and I've been stacking hay all being made for presentation by the pope ahead of me. Last night I killed exty coyotes, and threw them in the reservoir. In the face of such an appalling list of performances as that, his enthusiasm for eating was necessarily allowed to go unchided. His latest fabrication is a very recent one. While he was taking a massage treatment he announced that he knew was taking a massage treatment he announced that he knew a boy that was massaged with ink instead of cill. When asked where he heard of that he replied instantly: "Oh, I saw it in the paper."

Another child whose stories were products purely of a lively imagination was one who "played" he was some kind of an animal all the time. He would get a halter in the morning, and tying it over

AGUINALDO'S HEADQUARTERS AT MALOLOLOS.



(From a Sketch by F. C. Dickinson in the London Graphic.) house the chief of the Philippine rebels holds his councils of state and campaign plans. He is shown in the foreground talking with a group of



The thin, nervous man turned uneasily in bed. It was Sunday morning and he was trying not to wake up. He had done a hard week's work and had planned to catch up his lost sleep by lying abed until noon. He pulled the covers over his head, but he could not get rid of the conscious ness that the landlord was making his matutinal round.

"Last call for breakfast." Rap, rap, rap, The voice started in the upper part of the house, but grew in crescendo as it came through the upper halls and then through the lower, steadily approaching his own door. The landlord of that establishment knew well the Sunday morning habits of men and it was their own fault if they had to go without breakfast on account of being too late.

"Yes, sir," called the thin, nervous man when the rap sounded on his own door. "All right." He pulled out his watch and looked at it. Only 9 o'clock. Then he slid down under the bedding again tried to forget earth and its woes. The landlord's voice went out of his conscious

sild down under the bedding again and tried to forget earth and its woes. The landlord's voice went out of his consciousness on a dying wave. All was silence for a moment and he almost napped.

The scurry of feet upon the stairs—the feet of horribly healthy boarders, the thin man thought—soon began and many a tongue wagged. But the thin man kept his eyes tight shut as his mother had taught him when a child and tried to think of nothing but sleep. The sound and smell of breakfast in the dining room below now came to him with a realization of the fact that he was missing something and then mingled in his dreams as something wholly apart from himself. The drowsiness was delightful and in the upper strata of his mind was quivering the triumphant feeling that his will to go to sleep was conquering the tendency which he had to wake up. But vain are the boasts of mankind. Still, a sharp rap on the door will wake anyone.

"Buy a morning paper, sir? Five cents. All about the—"

"Get out," cried the thin, nervous man, and then he ejaculated something not very complimentary to the landlord, who, no doubt, poor fellow, thought he was doing a kindness to his household by admitting the "all bout it" lad. The lot of the landlord is not a happy one. But pillows tell no tales and the landlord in this case was never disturbed by what the nervous man who couldn't sleep said about him.

The nervous man turned off the heat which was pouring out of the register. Then he had to get up and lower the window from the top. It always made his head ache to sleep in a warm room. When he got back in bed again he remembered that he had forgotten to pull the shades down. He never could sleep with them up—when he knew it. Then he squirmed around, thrust his feet through the covering at the bottom, threw a pillow down to make good the shortage and settled himself once more.

"Can I get your toweis?" asked the maid on the other side of the door, but he turned a deaf ear to her request.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven." he counted, tryin

now and keep at it. One, two, three, tour, five, six—what a funny fellow Jones is—his voice now."

Jones was in the next room polishing his shoes and the vigor of his action broke somewhat the rhythm of his song as he sang "Darling Sue, Dear, Don't Believe I'm Chaffing—"

"Well, neither am I," called out the nervous man as he rapped upon the wall, "I'm trying to sleep and I wish you'd let me." That is, he thought he said it and he thought he rapped on the wall. But the voice stopped and the wall vanished and the thud of a blacking brush thrown aside brought only a faint echo to his mind. He would have been all right then if he had grown used to the sound of running water in the bathroom, women's voices in the halls, and clattering dishes in the basement. If the cars outside would only stop running, the newsboys cease shouting and the church bells—that meant 11 o'clock. It was no use. The commonwealth evidently didn't intend that a man should sleep on Sunday morning. The wealth evidently didn't intend that a man should sleep on Sunday morning. The nervous man finally made up his mind to this—he might just as well get up. He stretched, turned over in bed and—"Half past 12. Going to get up to dinner?" asked the ever-accommodating landlord on the other side of his door.
"Well, be thankful for small favors," said the nervous man when he realized that for an hour anyway he had been oblivious to the cares of the world.

# The Easter Offering.

From the Philadelphia Record.

From the Philadelphia Record.

The favorite Easter offering for this season, instead of the regulation card of last year, is some tiny bit of silver fastened with white or lavender ribbon to a large oblong card, bearing some pretty wish or verse suitable for the season.

The list of silverware which may be used for this purpose is almost inexhaustible. Button hooke glove fasteners, shoe horns, bonnet brushes—in fact, any small piece of silver for either toilet table or desk may be used.

One of the newest articles in silver for the toilet table is a box of filigree silver from three to four inches, in length and large enough to hold one or two bundles of hairpins.

Cut glass puff boxes, with the new cut, which runs diagonally instead of horizontally, as heretofore, are quite a charming feature this season.

Small chariots of bisque, designed to hold a bunch of violets, forget-me-nots or other short-stemmed flowers, are among the novelties.

Charming cases of Dresden china, in

a bunch of violets, forget-me-nots or other short-stemmed flowers, are among the novelties.

Charming cases of Dresden china, in which a toothbrush fits snugly, are useful as well as fornamental, and will doubtless find their way to the toliet tables of many door debutantes.

Flates of English ware, with well-designed ornamentation, and in the center of each the portrait of one of our naval heroes, are finding many purchasers.

Rookwood vases and flower bowls are attractive, while jurdinieres for the Easter lily are beautifully decorated and of shape totally different from those of last year.

White leather memorandum books, daintify bound and edged with silver, are exceedingly attractive. Jupanese gongs are quite new and very quaint.

Fall vases of opalescent glass are most appropriate for the long-stemmed, graceful Easter lily, while there can be no gift quite so appropriate or so highly appreciated by everyone as the Royal Easter lily itself.

# A Literary "Find."

A correspondent of Literature, published by Harper & Bros., have found a poem by William Cullen Bryant which does not appear in any collection of the poet's works. The poem appeared originally in the Literary Souvenir, an English annual for ISI. It is one that seems at least worthy of preservation.

Oh. no. it never crossed my heart.

To think of thes with love, For we are severed far apart. As earth and arch above:
And though in many a midnight dream Thou promptedst fancy's brightest theme, I never thought that thou couldst be More than that midnight dream to me.

A something bright and beautiful Which I must teach me to forget. Ere I can turn to meet the duli Realtien that linger yet, something girt with summer flowers, and laughing eyes and sunay hours; hile I—too well I know—will be t even a midnight from

## HUNGARIAN EASTER CUSTOMS. CITY GR Easter Monday Is the Hungarian's Favorite Wedding Day-Priests Are Kept Busy.

From the New York Herald.

Some of the most curious Easter observances prevail in Hungary, the home of dance and song. Miss Janka Frankel, a singer who was heard in opera last winter in Philadelphia and other cities, gives an integesting account of the strange cus-

toms of her native land.

Passion week, as a whole, is generally very quiet, almost no social functions tak-ing place. Its prominent feature is the pilgrimage to one of the sacred shrines. Devout persons in both town and country join in the pilgrimage, and every village through which the procession passes adds its quota to the pilgrimage. The journey is taken fasting as far as possible, only bread and water sufficient to preserve from absolute exhaustion being indulged in.

On Good Friday a lifesize image of the Christ is carried to the principal church by a procession of priests and there remains until Easter, guarded by soldiers, who stand motionless as statues. On Easter Sunday the worshipers place offerings of money at the feet of the sacred image. Easter morning is greeted with tokens of gladness, somewhat similar to our Christmas, all the windows having wreaths of flowers or leaves.

One of the prettiest observances of the day is a procession of young girls in white, carrying branches of green trees, following the clergy in their robes and the acolytes with a huge gilded cross. After the white robed girls come the villagers.

The most interesting custom, however, is that known as "watering," which occurs on Easter Monday and Tuesday, Men go out armed with water in hottles or pitchers and throw it on the young women they meet in the village streets. Sometimes Devout persons in both town and country

on Easter Monday and Tuesday. Men go out armed with water in bottles or pitchers and throw it on the young women they meet in the village streets. Sometimes they even call at the houses and greet the girls who come to the door. The odd part of it is that the more thoroughly drenched the victims are the better they are pleased, as it brings them luck. In the cities the custom has been gradually refined so that gentlemen arm themselves with bottles of cologne.

This "watering" rite is said to be known in no other country, and its institution is ascribed to one of the apostles. It is possibly a perversion of the rite of baptism. Young women retaliate on Tuesday, and the "ughing swains often find themselves unex, ectedly drenched as they pass a house or drinking fount.

Easter Monday is the Hungarians' favorite wedding day, as it is supposed that it is especially fortunate for marriages, and the priests are usually kept busy that day. The rest of the week is filled with social gayeties, and the quiet of the rigorously observed Lent is fully atoned for.

## **LOUISE OF COBURG'S NEW BABE**

Born in Sanitarium Near Austria's Capital.

A son has just been born to Princes. It is not her first child. She has a so who is in his 21st year-Prince Leopold, named for her father, the king of the



PRINCESS LOUISE

Belgians-and a daughter, 18 years old, Ernest Gonthler of Schleswig-Holstein las

Ernest Gonthler of Schleswig-Roistein last August.

But the event excites widespread interest, because this new infant, the third child, was born in a sanitarium near Vienna, in-stead of a palace, and because the mother, a king's daughter and a prince's wife, eloped a little more than a year ago with Lieutenant Keglevitch, of the Austrian hussars.

## Use Made of Her Hand. From Tit-Bits.

In the course of a conjugal tiff, the wife gave her husband a slap in the face. In-stead of flying into a passion, the hus-band very composedly took up his hat, but before going away said: "Madam, six years ago when I solicited of your parents your hand I little suspected the use you would make of it."

One of Them. From the Chicago News. "There goes one of the hardest worked men in this town."
"How can that be possible? He's rich, isn't he?"
"Yes, but he has three married daugh-ters who work him for the support of their husbands."

## Jaquorina. A photographic introduction of Jaquorin

culfured woman who is trying to sti up her sex to the necessity of becoming healthy, supple and graceful by taking sys



tematic, scientific exercise. She advocate fencing as one of the finest aids to physical perfection, and posed especially for the

D. A. WILLIAMS HAS LIVED IN SAME HOUSE THIRTY YEARS.

House at 905 Oak Street Was Con ered So Far Out in the Count in 1860 That His Friends Laughed at Him.

looking frame house, two stories his is the residence of D. A. William was erected by him thirty years against the strong advice of friends, assured him that by going so far out the country to locate a home it would

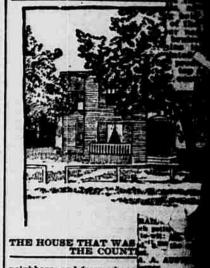
and buggy.

Mr. Williams has lived to see the for miles beyond him in every direction. The spot that was once far on the oskirts of the city is now but a step for the heart of the business district. This five years ago Mr. Williams came to keep sas City fresh from a life of activity a excitement as a member of the fost excitement as a member military telegraph corps, in which serve he served throughout the war. After t



cessation of hostilities he accepted a petion with the United States Telegon Company, which had started as a rival the Western Union, and was sent to Essas City to take charge of the companies office. Three months after his arrival two companies were merged into one, a he accepted the position of train disputed for the Missouri Pacific road.

"I had heard of Kansas City," sat Williams, "and the reports were not favorable. I had a chance to come or go to Atchison. Everybody I tall told me by all means to go to Atchis Kansus City was not a fit place to it and I never could stand the hills—a George W. Mead, then general super thirty-five years aga tint was 5300 to-day. Judge T. A. Thirty-sell me the lot I now live on kins laughed at me for the fit. He said I was going awar country, where I would never the said of the sai



neighbors, and from where to get into town. But I bot paid \$300 for it. There was house around here then, cottage on Ninth street. blocks of houses and stores. Take it all around, pretty rough place when state, in 1859. That was the inhal & St. Joseph complete line from St. Joseph to H. aropened the first telegraph of Cameron, There wasn't mixeron there, either. I ate and supplied by an Indian womas not continued by an Indian womas for us. She had a papoose old, that never had any clonewer seemed to be anywhere the dining room table."

Opened Telegraph Office for Soon after the breaking out of Mr. Williams was appointed a mi graph operator by Major George then in command of the Unit military lines in Missouri and a telegraph for the Hannibal arcard at Hannibal at the time. He was attached to General the mel, Grant's regiment, and archim throughout his Missouri cham opened a telegraph office for Grasait river bridge of the Hannibal his work for the general is men the latter's memoira. Mr. Willie as a military telegraph of the line fall of the military telegraph of the military telegraph of the In relating some at his experient train dispatcher for the Missour road, Mr. Williams told of the frustrated an attempt to paycar by the James gang. At attempt was to be made he at the residence of relatives of father, and managed to of the proposed robbery was to take piace. With thing to anyone, he charge of the paycar to freight train at Pleas no attempt to pay mit and Independent carried out, and the water tank at Liver tank at then in command of the UI

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